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# VIKING RUNES

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Viewmont High School's Literary Magazine — Bountiful, Utah — November 2019

*This issue is dedicated to gratitude. Happy Thanksgiving!*

## *For Marching Band*

by Ilima Briones

I am thankful  
for marching band,  
for the family I found in it three years ago, when I was friendless and homesick,  
who have marched with me through the blistering heat of parade seasons  
to the toe-numbing cold of competitions  
and with it,  
I love the excitement in the eyes of the new kids each year,  
not quite sure what to expect, and still willing to jump in  
all the way to the knowing smiles of veteran seniors  
who walk in time to music they hear  
and in step with each other in the halls without meaning to.  
I love the feeling of us all together,  
watching and cheering on other bands at competitions  
and playing pep tunes in the stands at football games,  
singing “Hey, Baby” at the top of our lungs.  
I love the serious unity of when we’re all in uniform,  
when we perform like it matters,  
and the feeling at the end of a show,  
after the last horns down,  
when we gave it our all and know that it was our best run yet.  
and so,  
to all the people who make it amazing,  
to the people in the stands,  
for watching our show and cheering us on,  
to the rest of the band, to all of them,  
because it’s different and incomplete when even one is missing,  
for taking me the way I am, on my best and worst days,  
and for making them better,  
for listening to me and laughing with me and making me better,  
and to our staff, parents, and band director,  
for all the hard work they put in, seen and unseen,  
for all the support they give us in our lives,  
for caring about us and believing in us and in our dreams,  
more than words could ever express,  
thank you.





## *I'm Grateful For*

by Hailee Chimezie

Black cats  
Mechanical pencils  
Sudden acts of hubris at three in the morning  
Blue skies with fat white clouds  
Fields of wheat  
The sea  
Rain  
The wind rushing by as I stick my head out  
the car window  
Pine trees ready to climb  
Frosty breath and warm hands  
Fire-toasted hot dogs  
Snowmen made of sand  
Long dirt roads  
Hot souvlaki  
Afternoon trips to the library  
Watching the sun set from the old trampoline  
Whispered secrets  
Blasting rock and roll  
Brand-new sketchbooks  
Unfiltered laughter  
Aunt Pheph  
Mom

## *Gratitude*

by Andrew Okelberry

I'm grateful for my life, to breathe and live on earth.  
I'm grateful for my parents, who raised me up from birth.  
I'm grateful for good books, to keep me entertained.  
I'm grateful for the sky, even when it rains.  
I'm grateful for my friends, they're with me to the end.  
I'm grateful for my body, the way it moves and bends.  
I'm grateful for clean water, rushing down my throat.  
I'm grateful for the snow, though I will put on a coat.  
I'm grateful for my voice, to express my thoughts through words.  
I'm grateful for my ears, to hear the dogs, the cats, and the birds.  
I'm grateful for the sun, which gives us warmth and light.  
I'm grateful for eyes, which grant me constant sight.  
I'm grateful for all these things, and still more than listed here.  
I'm grateful that I can live my life, free till the end of my years.



## *Dear Mommy,*

Thank you for giving me life in so many ways. You feed me, give me shelter, and bring me fun. You bake pot pie for dinner and peach pie for dessert. You hug me when I'm feeling sad. You take me to friends' houses because I can't drive myself. You teach me things like responsibility, making me do my chores and homework before anything else. The way that you have raised me has made me independent, more so than other people I know. You are smart in the way you do everything, and because of you, I know how to take care of my little brothers and my future children in the best way. You teach me the right lessons, like, "For every no, give them ten 'yeses'," and "Think of the pioneers." I know how to appreciate all the little things we have in this time, such as phones and computers and mechanical pencils. I know how to feel lucky for the things I have in my life, like a down comforter and a big, cushy bed all to myself. You teach me how to cook some things so that when you aren't available, I can make the family food. You taught me wonderful little tricks to make life easier. "Keep only one toy out and before you get another, put the first one away." Little things like this have made me grow into a better person. You do and have worked so hard to keep our big family going in the right direction and you do so well with it too.

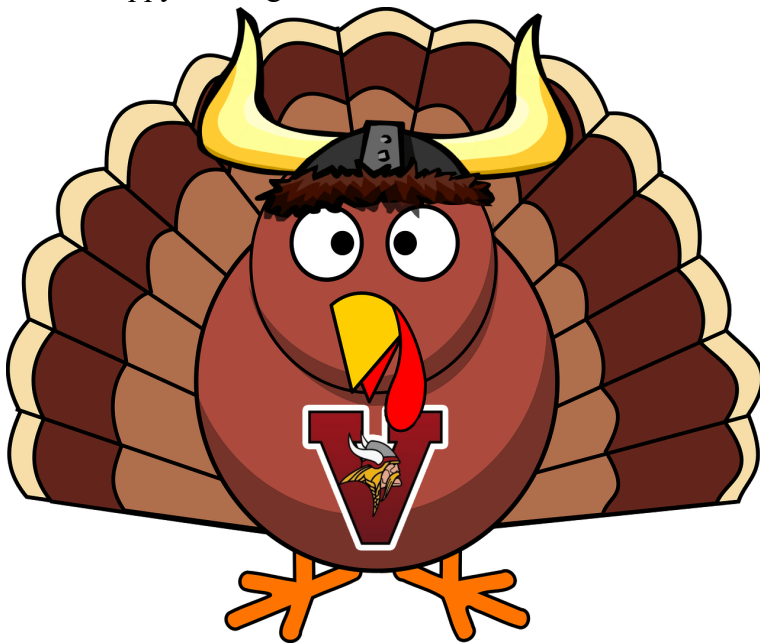
I love you, Mom. <3 Love, Ashlei Fillmore



### *November Challenge: Turkey Hunt*

November's challenge is a special one that can be done on one day only! On **Tuesday, November 26th** you may notice turkey feathers hidden throughout the building. If you find one, bring it to the V in the commons during SRC and lunch for a chance to **win an entire frozen turkey!** Runners-up will receive other Thanksgiving-related prizes, so keep an eye peeled for those feathers!

Winners will be announced during the last 5 minutes of lunch! Happy hunting!



### *Back Page Activity*

The holidays are always a time of nostalgia, so in this issue we wanted to give you a chance to start that nostalgia early. We've given you a very minimal back page, with a simple coloring-book autumn border and a large blank space in the middle. This blank space is just about the size of your hand... do you see where we're going with this? Grab your crayons, trace your fingers, and reconnect with your inner third grader!

Oh, and don't forget to give it to your parents so they can hang it on the fridge!

### *December Prompt*

Winter can be a hard season, but no matter how hard times get, you can always find something that gives life beauty and meaning. For this prompt, write about what you find beautiful and/or meaningful in the winter season. How you respond is up to you! Write a short story, a personal narrative, a poem, whatever you'd like! Just be sure to send all work to:



**ViewmontVikingRunes@gmail.com**

### *Thanksgiving Mad Libs*

It was Thanksgiving Day, and \_\_\_\_\_ was going crazy. We had invited \_\_\_\_\_ over for dinner, but we were fresh out of \_\_\_\_\_. There was only one thing to do: go to \_\_\_\_\_.com. It only took a few \_\_\_\_\_ to find what I was looking for, but there was a problem. I was out of \_\_\_\_\_. I asked my \_\_\_\_\_ to help out, but they said, "\_\_\_\_\_!" That's when I decided the best thing to do would be to \_\_\_\_\_, so I went ahead and did it. Suddenly, there was a knock on the door. It was a \_\_\_\_\_.com delivery man, with a box of \_\_\_\_\_ just for me! A few minutes later, \_\_\_\_\_ arrived. We \_\_\_\_\_ all the \_\_\_\_\_, and had a \_\_\_\_\_ Thanksgiving.

